

Star Crossed

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Summary:

Ten years before Pennywise is due to wake up again, small time comedian Richie Tozier's limo driver misses his appointment. His agent manages to find a small limo service that's just starting up and the owner is willing to drive him personally.

A thin, frail looking man with small glasses and a slightly too big suit steps out of the limo, giving Richie an apologetic smile. "Evening, Mister...?"

Richie locks eyes with Eddie Kaspbrak for the first time in seventeen years and remembers nothing. "Uh, Tozier."

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Author's Note:

So this made me sad to write, but I love the idea of Richie having Eddie be his limo driver at least once before they reunite to fight Pennywise and thought perhaps this is how it might go.

He was twenty minutes late.

Typical. Fucking typical. He finally starts getting somewhere in show biz, finally gets invited to do a small opening bit on Saturday Night Live, and his fucking limo driver skips out on him.

Richie huffs, pacing back and forth on the sidewalk, waiting for the payphone next to him to call back. He had just called his agent, trying to figure out what the hell was going on, and he had stuttered out a promise to find someone, anyone else to drive him. Richie would have just rented a car, but by the time he did that and made it to the show, he would miss his opening and potentially destroy his career.

The phone rang and he lunged for it. "Tozier." He stated quickly. "Gimme some good news, man!"

"I got a guy, he's on his way now. Owner of Kaspbrak's Limousines."

Richie scrunched up his nose at the name, flicking the phone's cord idly. Didn't he know someone with that name...? A vague image of an inhaler and a mousy little boy came forward but dissipated like mist before Richie could fully remember. Probably something leftover from last night's hangover. "I thought they closed already, I already tried there."

"I explained the situation and the owner was willing to come drive you himself. He should be there in the next five minutes."

Richie frowned, looking around. "Did you give him the wrong address? I had to head down to a different pay phone the next block

over because the other one took my damn dime and jammed up."

His agent swore over the line, but all of a sudden, headlights lit up the booth as a slick black limousine pulled up to the curb. "Never mind, he's here now. Talk to you later."

*"He's **there**? How in God's name did he find y-"* Richie hung up, straightening his jacket and heading over to the limo.

A thin, frail looking man with small glasses and a slightly too big suit steps out, giving Richie an apologetic smile. "Evening, Mister...?"

Richie blinks for a moment, his headache only growing. "Uh, Tozier."

The man smiles and opens the passenger door. "My apologies for the delay, Mister Tozier. I've told my employees many times before that our hours revolve around our passengers, but there was a miscommunication. Now, where are we headed?" He asks, slipping into the driver's seat after shutting the door behind Richie.

The dark haired comic frowned, brow furrowing at the stinging behind his eyes. Were his contacts messing up? Perfect, just what he needed right now.

"I got a bit on Saturday Night Live. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Studio 8H. You know the place?"

The driver smiled and shook his head as he put the limo in drive and began to inch out into traffic. "Nope, never been. But I can get you there, no problem."

Richie wanted to protest, to complain that he didn't have the time to waste for some up and coming limo driver to get lost in New York, but somehow he was convinced this mousy looking man was telling the truth. He would get him there, no problem.

"So, you own this gig, huh? Pretty young to be running your own business, arencha?" Richie asked, relaxing into the leather seat and pulling out his contact case, fiddling with it for a moment as he tried to decide whether he should take out his contacts for a minute.

Mr. Kaspbrak grinned into the rear view mirror, glancing back at

him. "Pretty young to be appearing on Saturday Night Live, aren't you?"

Richie blinked and laughed loudly. "And Mister Kaspbrak Gets Off A Good One! Very nice, very nice. Not many can keep up with the Trashmouth when he gets a'rollin'."

He grinned up at the driver only to find his expression looking very...off, as though he had just been sucker punched.

"Uh, you okay up there, buddy?"

The driver started at once, shaking his head for a moment and smiling apologetically. "S-Sorry about that...I-I don't know what came over me."

Richie would have commented but his eyes were really starting to burn, and oh yeah, he needed to ditch these contacts. "Hey, no problem, no problem at all. Mind if I pop out the ole contacts for a sec? Promise I won't slosh contact juice all over the seats."

Mr. Kaspbrak shook his head. "I don't mind at all. I'll do my best to keep the car stable for you."

"You're one in a million, Kaspbrak."

He easily popped out the first contact, placing it into the case, before reaching up for the second one. It was like it was stuck, or something, it wouldn't come out and it fucking *hurt*-!

"Hey, um...Mister Tozier?"

Richie kept working on the second contact. "Yeah?"

"Your....God, this is going to sound weird...your father, was he...a dentist?"

Aha! Victory. He slid the second contact into the case and reached for his glasses case, pausing as he did so. "A...dentist...? Yeah. Yeah, he was. How the hell did you know that?" He asked cautiously. Just his luck to find a limo driver that was crazier than Henry Bowers-

-and there was a name he hadn't thought of in years. Henry Bowers, the childhood bully, the one who had killed all those kids. He was using that nasty old house on Neibolt Street as a base, stashing the corpses in the sewer. He and some pals went inside to check it out and one of them broke their arm falling through a rotten floor. Who was that, again...? He couldn't remember.

"I...I'm from this small little town in Maine, I think I must have heard the name around."

Richie's curiosity was piqued. "Was it Derry? You're from *Derry*? he asked incredulously. "I am *sorry*. Yeah, the old man had a practice up there for awhile. I used to live there myself, before I hit the big city. What a shithole that place was. You around during all those murders?"

The driver was looking markedly paler by the minute and he nodded, reaching into the center console and pulling out a worn red inhaler, taking a quick puff. "S-Sorry about that, I-I've got asthma. Yeah, I was around. Nasty business. One of my friends....he, um. His little brother got killed. I think."

Richie found himself wondering incredulously how this driver couldn't know for sure. Either his friends' brother got killed or he didn't. Then again, he didn't have the best recollection of his childhood either, so it wasn't as if he could judge.

In fact, now that he mentioned it...

"....Denbrough."

Mister Kaspbrak stopped at a red light and shot his attention to the rear view mirror. His eyes were wide and scared. "Wh...what did you say?"

Richie blinked, repeating the name slowly, as if testing it out. "...Denbrough. Bill Denbrough. Wasn't that the kid that got killed?"

The light turned green but Mister Kaspbrak remained stationary, brow furrowed slightly. A car honked behind them and he jolted to attention, tapping on the gas. "...no. It was....Georgie."

Georgie-!

The name seemed to click, and for a moment, he had a memory of a tall skinny kid with a lisp- no, a stutter, it was a *stutter-*

"Y-You killed my buh-brother George, y-you bastard! Luh-Let's see you now."

"Help me."

He shook his head for a moment and the memory was gone. "Yeah..." he said faintly. "You're right. It was Georgie."

He fiddled with his glasses but didn't put them on, enjoying viewing the city lights as nothing but a faint brightly colored blur.

The driver remained silent before speaking. "You, uh...what class did you graduate in? I...you just seem...kinda familiar. Did you graduate from Derry High?"

Richie blinked and gave a nod. "Sure as shit did, sonny. Class of '63 and I regret it every damned day."

The driver snorted once. "Don't call me 'sonny', you're the same age as me. I graduated in '63 too."

Richie's brow furrowed for a minute even as the limousine pulled into the parking lot outside Studio 8H. He had graduated with this kid? He couldn't remember him at all.

He shrugged and stepped out of the limo, glasses tucked in one hand and his contacts in the other as he leaned against the driver's side door. "What's your name, kid?"

The driver smiled. His eyes showed no recognition. "Eddie Kaspbrak. See you around, Mister Tozier."

Richie smiled, knocked on the roof of the car twice, and stepped away, heading for the inside of the studio. "Thanks for the ride, Eddie Spaghetti!" He called over his shoulder, before frowning at himself. What a weird thing to say, especially to a man he'd never even met before.

He shrugged, slipped on his glasses, and froze in mid step as memories seemed to hit him like a wave from the Kenduskeag. His contacts case slipped from his hand and cracked under someone's heel.

A clown, a horrible creature who could become anything you were most afraid of.

The murders, the deaths, the adults who looked but saw nothing.

The missing poster. The clown room. The broken arm. The sewers. The blood pact.

*BillStanBenBevMike**Eddie**-!*

IT.

Richie spun around, eyes wide behind his large glasses. *"Eddie!"*

The limousine was already gone, and with him went the memories.

Like a paper boat drifting through the gutters of Derry.

Like a loogie spat off a cliff into the river.

Richie blinked for a moment, shook his head to clear his headache, and went inside.

He was twenty minutes early.